THE

INFORMERS ANSWER

To the late

CHARACTER,

Vindicating themselves from the Scandalous Truths of that unluckly Pamphlet:

LONDON

Printed for T. C. 1675.

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THough we are ſatisfied the late Pamphlet Intituled the Character of an Informer, can have done us of that profeſſion little prejudice in the opinion of the wiſe, ſince they could not but know us and our merits ſufficiently before, and muſt cenſure it as highly impertinent to go about to blacken an *Ethiop*, or defame thoſe that never had any Reputation; yet we think fit to returne an Anſwer thereunto, if it be only to let the world ſee that we are not aſhamed of our qualities, nor ſo much cowards as to be frighted with our own Pictures, but count it our Glory to be notorious, though it be only for ſuperlative Villany, Thus *Eroſtratus* burnd down one of the Worlds wonders, and *Nero* ſet *Rome* on fire to make themſelves infamouſly famous, and the Wench at *Athens* when a Gataloug of common Strumpets was publiſht, complained to the Magiſtrates of the Affront, becauſe her name was left out. Vertuous and honeſt are but inſignificant Epithites to pleaſe thoſe that have not wit enough to be otherwiſe, and every thing is good and excellent that is moſt proper for its

its designed end, so that Knavery being an essential property of one of our Cast, to reproach us for the use of it is as idle as to upbraid a *Woolf* for being Ravenous or blame heavy things for tending towards the Centre.

What makes this Ignorant Scribler then prate thus of Conscience and Equity, to the first we have sworn our selves as mortal enemies as *Hannibal* was to *Rome*, and for the second *Terras Astras Reliquit*, tis many Ages ago since Madam Justice with her worm-eaten Scales was banisht Earth, and if she did (as Poets say) flye to Heaven, tis certain, we are never like to follow her. Let them mind Gospel that are paid for it, for our parts we live by the Law, though to say truth tis much in such a sense as the Thief that made it his practice to steal Bibles said *he liv'd by the word of God*; what unreasonable Fools are they that tax us for setting up this Trade, do they not know that those necessary comforts of mans life (*Wine* and *Wenches*) must be had, and for our parts we have not got the knack to wheadle a good dinner for a long grace, nor can we maintain our *Harlots* with pious Sentences and Cheese-Parings; and therefore since most of the Town Bawds were grown such Infidells that they would trust no us longer, and that nature has not furnisht us with courage enough to venture on the Road for a supply, what remained, but that we should nick this oppertunity, and Imp the wings of our broken fortunes with plumes of a safer plunder.

We confess we have met with so many rubs and unexpected discouragements in this our laudable undertaking as makes us sometimes suspect the Devil playes booty with us, for of the Thousands he promised us, we have not to this day got one Penny. These *Nonconformists* are subtler Currs than we imagined, for whereas we were in hopes, that when wee took away their Coats (whether by right or wrong) they would have given us their Cloaks also, we find

find they have the Impudence to ask why and by what Authority, and if we exceed our Warrants, or the Punctilio's of the Statute, will moſt Rebelliouſly threaten us *Hogan Mogan* Officers with Actions and Felony, as if ſo good a work could be done too well, or a ſilly *Phanatique* were capable of having an Injury done him. 71

Beſides, our miſchievous Creditors, though we told them what an infallable way we were in to get Eſtates bigger than St. *Marks* Treaſure at *Venice*, would not have patience till latter *Lammas*, when our ſhares of Forfeitures will undoubtedly come in, But have Conjured ſome of us into the inchanted Circle of a Goal, alledging that no place was ſo fit for ſuch Canary Birds as a Cage; but we dare appeal to all the world whether it be not a thouſand ſhames that ſuch uſeful Inſtrumens of the publique ſhould not have ſufficient protections to ſecure us againſt malicious Duns and the payment of a few old debts, when we are ſo diveliſh induſtrious as to venture our lives, and Souls too boot to raiſe money to ſatisfie them?

Laws are but uſeleſs Shadows unleſs Annimated with Execution, and where none will the Devil himſelf (ſayes the proverb) muſt carry the croſs, or at leaſt impoſe it on others; what though ſome abſolute out of faſhion'd Statutes require a competent viſible Eſtate as a neceſſary qualification in a Legal Informer, we can eaſily ſupply that defect by a Surpluſage of malicious diligence, none being fitter Agents to perplex their neighbours, than thoſe who have nothing to anſwer in value for needleſs and unjuſt vexations, nor are we leſs capable of proſecuting Laws, for having lived hitherto as if we had been wholly Lawleſs, for *Harvy* though never Married wrote incomparably of Generation, and Pew keepers ſerve to ſeat others in a Church though they never ſet down themſelves, It ought rather to be valued as an argument of our zeal, that though we diſpenſe with the

the rules of Morality in our ſe ves, we cannot endure the violation of th: leaſt Eccleſiaſtick Crotchets or Ceremonial Indifferences in others, ſince we beleeve that a *Meeting Houſe* is ſo much worſe thin a *Bawdy Houſe* and *Nonconformity* leſs tollerable than open *Debauchery*, by how much the Leproſie of the Soul is more dangerous than the *French POX* in the Body.

If our greener years were a little ſmutted with the Gallantries of Love and Goodfellowſhip, which ſuperſtitious *Puritani* call Whoreing and Drunkneſs, have we not made ſufficient Atonement for thoſe venial *Peccadillie's* by dedicating our ſelves now wholly to the ſervice of the Church, and what though of late we have been oftner at *Conventicles*, than we were ever in our lives at *Divine Service*; It is becauſe we had more buſineſs there, for in truth we know no Religion but getting of Money, nor Law, but power for force Irreſiſtable is undeniable Right, and therefore did opportunity ſerve, we would Swagger as highly, not only for the *Directory* or *Maſs*, but even for the *Alcoran* it ſelf, as we do now for the *Liturgy*, *To do as one would be done by*, is a Rule like the *Philoſophers Stone* much talkt off and applauded, but never found or experienced, ſelf intereſt is the firſt text in our Bible, and he's a Conſcious ridren Aſs that cares on whoſe Ruins he builds his own fortunes, or that will not for advantage (as his *Holineſs* ſung *Te Deum* for the *Pariſian* Maſſacre) merrily Chant *Anthems* though at a publique Funeral.

Yet can we not think our ſelves ſo odious as this *Character monger* would ſuggeſt, for we remember many women we have put with Child, but none that ever we made miſcarry, unleſs now and then a ſingle Girl in pure Charity to prevent a Pariſh charge with a *Savin Poſſet*, nor are the Juſtices Clarks and we ſo great as he imagins, for we have cauſe to ſuſpect thoſe ſlippery youths of holding

ſecret

ſecret intelligence with the Enemy, and giving notice as ſoon as a Warrant for ſeaſure is granted, to the *Phanatick Convict* to keep his doors cloſe Barricade'd againſt the faint aſſaults of the timerous Conſtable, who talks of Liberties and proprieties, *Magna Charta* and a thouſand odd things which we neither underſtand nor regard, yet doubt not ſtill to go on and proſper, for all this Libellers threatning us with the Scyth of Juſtice, and other Illbodeing Omens, for though one of our Chroniclers tells a ſtory how divers of our Brethren, (*Empſon*, and *Dudleys* inferiour Agents) called *Promooters*, as *Canby*, *Page Smith*, *Derby*, *Wright*, *Simpſon*, and *Stockton*, in the days of King *Henry*, being ſet on the Pillory in *Cornhil* for their good Services, with Papers on their Heads, and then cauſed to ride through the City with their faces to the Horſe tail, did with the ſhame thereof in 7 days after all Dyes in *Newgate*, we aſſure you we are no ſuch modeſt Milk Sops, but if ever we ſhould be called to account, will march to *Tybur* with moſt Heroick Gallantry, and have it engraven (as the greateſt honour we are capable of) on our Tombs that we dyed the Laws *Scandal* Religious *Scourge*; and the Devils *Martyrs*.

Sir R. Baker Pag. 273.

FINIS.